famous drawing of Leech's, called "Family Pride"—not the pride of Bayswater, not the august gentility of Brixton, but the natural superiority of a little ragamuffin who says to a companion, "My mother can fight your mother." Charles Keene drew from life in the same spirit. He found many of his subjects in the gutter. The genius of fun danced before him and swept crossings, or entered into the capacious forms of elderly ladies, and hailed omnibuses, or stimulated cabmen to those feats of wit and humour which have made them illustrious in the pages of *Punch*. Waiters, too, were amongst the objects of Keene's closest study, and yielded up to him the pearls of wisdom which are inseparable from table-napkins and greasy dress-suits. The elders of the Scotch kirk revealed to him all the treasures of their national drollery. Butlers, when he drew them, were sublime. But Leech and Keene are gone. Mr. Tenniel, the last of the famous artists of that bygone generation, is still with us, but his pencil has always been employed on more sphere-shaking themes than the passing humours of society. There are excellent draughtsmen on the staff of *Punch*, but the chief of them never draws anybody lower in the social scale than a lady's-maid. Mr. Sambourne's allegories are delightful. Mr. Harry Furniss's Parliamentary pencil is ever devising some new entertainment. The hunting-field, the ball-room, and the dinner-table are admirably represented. But the street, as Leech and Keene knew it, seems to be fading out of the gallery; and the centre of *Mr. Punch's* gravity, if he can be said to have such a thing, is apparently transferred to circles in which the humours of the common people are not greatly relished.

The genius of fun, nowadays, is, indeed, by no means the robust familiar that waited on the pencil of Keene, but a somewhat timid spirit who looks as if he were suffering from the dissipation of his ancestors. He does not sweep crossings any more, and it is questionable, now Keene has departed, whether he will drink too much brandy-and-water again. The Leech school delighted in the comic drunkard, and Keene perhaps found more entertainment in this image of imbecility than in anything else. How often has the husband returned home in Keene's drawings to indulge in puzzles with his latch-key, and make incoherent explanations to his wife? Somehow this drollery has evaporated. The incessantly recurring jest has the flavour of heel-taps. There was a time, no doubt, when many gentlemen got drunk nightly, and were carried to bed by the servants, and nobody thought any the worse of them. But this is not the standard of taste now. Gentlemen do not come down to breakfast and cheerily explain to their womenkind that the third bottle was too much for them the night before. Nor is it possible to get very merry now over Keene's pictures of tipsy absurdity—the belated householder who has been to a masonic banquet, and the stout matron in a nightcap, with a candle and a reproving eye. We have grown so fastidious that even the nightcap may be shocking to some of us, just as Mrs. Caudle is voted vulgar by very polite society. But the comic drunkard is unmistakably a bore. Intoxication may of course be the subject of satire, like any other vice or weakness; but Keene was not a satirist. He had a perfect respect for his drunken citizen, and not the least idea of suggesting that such a man ought to be ashamed of himself. Another antiquated figure in many genial sketches was the mother-in-law, whose numerous exploits in Keene's picture-gallery have left no possibilities to any other artist. The henpecked husband is equally familiar, and almost as tiresome. Perhaps we are a little impatient with our humorous artists, because we expect them, rather unreasonably, to have no limitations. Given a sense of humour and a skilful pencil, why should not the draughtsman have a boundless field of observation, instead of confining himself to the same old types? In respect of range, Leech was superior to Keene, and indeed his fertility was far greater than that of any of his contemporaries or successors. On the other hand, Keene was much the finer artist, and his men and women are so vivid that they live in the memory like personal acquaintances. Any middle-aged City gentleman you may meet in an omnibus on his way home to Kentish Town is pretty certain to suggest smiling recollections of Keene, especially if he has a difference of opinion with the conductor. There was a time when it was impossible to sit opposite a spinster of a certain age, without feeling tempted to say, "Pardon me, but I saw your portrait in last week's *Punch*; also a diverting anecdote of your private life." Alas! the kindly hand that drew the picture will draw no more.

It is odd to find that this humorist lived the life of a recluse; that few people ever saw him; that his only recreation, apart from his pipe, was the music of a heathen instrument which would have driven Leech mad; that he looked like Don Quixote, and talked like Oliver Goldsmith. There is a legend that Goldsmith, whose conversational powers were not pre-eminent, once undertook to repeat a riddle that had tickled his fancy. In the rare moments when he was sociable, Keene would entertain the company with stories which, like Goldsmith's conundrum, led to nothing. The audience knew there must be a stupendous joke somewhere; but though the narrator chuckled over it with the greatest relish, it never came to light. The spectacle of a picturesque old gentleman, with a humorous idea struggling about in him, and with the mistaken conviction that he had made it quite clear, might have been rather serious if Keene had possessed no faculty of expression. But he enjoyed one great advantage. No gossip took him in hand, and interviewers knew him not. He was not asked to favour the world with his views about the social system, art, and the dignity of caricaturists. His comrades of *Punch* knew his value when ideas were wanted for the paper, and they knew, too, that in the opinion of the best judges he was one of the first artists of his time. Foreign critics were moved to unwonted enthusiasm by the technical qualities of his work. But his chief claim to be remembered is that though he never drew the dainty ladies whom Mr. Du Maurier makes so delightful, he represented with the greatest fidelity an aspect of English life and character which created the popularity of *Punch*, and gave it that representative reputation which is in some danger of being impaired.

HOME PETS.

VIII.—Dukes.

MY friends are always complaining to me about my dukes. They say that I have too many, that I ought not to allow them in the house, and that they are very ill-mannered. There may, perhaps, be something in the complaints, but what can I do? I own between thirty and forty dukes, and although they are safely locked up in an old shed during the night, they simply will get into the house in the daytime. As a rule, I do not think that they do much harm; most of them are good-tempered, and all of them are quite clean, for I have them well washed with carbolic soap once every fortnight. But there are, of course, exceptional cases. Now, some time ago I bought a large duke who had been in an American novel and got his temper spoiled. I have told my servants time after time that I will not have this animal in the drawing-room—that they may make as much fuss with him as they like in the kitchen, but that on no account is he to be allowed to go any further than the kitchen. I have tried, too, to make the duke himself see that the kitchen is his proper place. But it is all of no use. However careful my servants are, and however often I thrash him for his disobedience, he is certain

to break bounds; and then, of course, there is unpleasantness. It is not very nice for a visitor, just ushered into the drawing-room, to find a great fat duke asleep on the hearth-rug in front of the fire; and it is especially unpleasant when the beast uncurls himself, sits up, and begins to talk about his order. I really hardly know what to do with him. He has a way of saying "*Noblesse oblige*," and not caring where he says it. Then, again, there was a duke in "Sir Percival"; I do not know if you remember him. I bought him; he was expensive, but I do not care what I give for a really good duke. He was well marked, with a broad blue ribbon, as it were, across his chest; and when he passed through the market-place, he would speak many a gracious word. The first suspicion that I had of his temper, was when the butler complained about him. It appeared that he had formed a habit of smelling every cork that was drawn, and carefully examining both ends; he would then shrug his shoulders, frown, and completely lose the drift of the conversation. As the butler pointed out to me, no one in the kitchen could possibly stand such manners. I was reluctant to lose the animal, and tried to break him of the habit by keeping him on Apollinaris. It was of no use, and shortly afterwards the poor thing's sense of its social status became so acute, that it was no kindness to keep him alive any longer. Another of my failures was also a novel duke. He had been in Mr. Crawford's "Dr. Claudius." He was quite simple, wore cheap clothes, and seemed able to forget that he had any particular rank. The simplicity and forgetfulness were a little ostentatious, perhaps, but he had no serious vices; he did not, for instance, drop many a gracious word. Yet an accident compelled me to get rid of him. He had gone into the garden in the dusk, to get strawberry leaves, and I mistook him for the gardener. Unfortunately the gardener got to hear of it, and was much hurt. So, to prevent the mistake occurring again, I sold the duke.

I have been asked whether I recommend English or foreign dukes. Either do very well if you can only conquer their passion for social aggrandisement. As a rule, the English duke has the greater property, and the foreign duke has the darker moustache; the foreign duke is more of a villain, and the English duke is more of a bore; but these distinctions only hold in the case of novel-bred dukes. Novel-bred dukes are more satisfactory than the other kind, although I myself keep both. I have only got one literary duke, and I cannot remember at the present moment whether he is novel-bred or not. But he is always shedding articles about the house, and I hardly know what to do with them. If only we had some monthly review which made a specialty of ducal articles, without much regard to their inward merit, I could send them there; but, of course, there is nothing of the sort in existence. As it is, I find these articles lying all over the house—one on the mantelpiece, another on the carpet, and a third very likely on the income tax. But, as I have already said, the main difficulty is to put a stop to their social ambitions. Few dukes, at any rate very few of my collection, are willing to stop down-stairs in the kitchen; and yet if they come up-stairs, one's friends begin to complain at once. I often think, cynically enough, when I go to feed my dukes or to superintend their fortnightly bath, that probably at least half of the beasts consider themselves to be every bit as good as I am. The duke that I got from "Dr. Claudius," however, was quite different. He had a proper sense of shame. I've known him run off into the garden, scratch up a hole, and bury all his titles and family estates in it; then he would come back, and put his cold nose into my hand, and fawn on me, and try to make me believe that he was his butler. It was a pretty and pathetic incident, and a pleasing contrast to the conduct of some of my other dukes, who will go running after American heiresses. Of course, they only get snubbed for their pains.

Yes, in spite of what my friends may say, I love my dukes. It is the natural sympathy of the strong for the weak. The poor animals have been terribly handicapped in the race of life, and I feel for them, and, I think, they are happy with me. The strict discipline, plain living, plain speaking, and carbolic soap, are good for them, and they know it. Occasionally one of them will so far forget himself as to drop a gracious word; and, of course, I have had to put up with the exceptional cases that I have already mentioned; but on the whole they are getting to be very well trained—I had almost said civilised. They will never, I am afraid, be quite as common as canaries, but I do not see any reason why every middle-class household should not own at least one of them. The prejudice which exists against them at present is perfectly senseless, but it has prevented fanciers from devoting proper attention to them. And do not be misled by silly stories about their appetite; they eat very little, if any, more than ordinary people.

THE NATIONAL ART AT THE ACADEMY.

LIKE Elijah's cruse of oil, our private collections are always found equal to the daily, or rather annual, drain made upon them. The winter exhibition of old masters is one of the greatest privileges of the metropolitan art-lover. He obtains so much from Burlington House in this respect that he is emboldened to ask for more—for much more. Why should these exhibitions be of so *olla podrida* a character?—a Giotto cheek-by-jowl with a Wright of Derby, a Landseer fox nailed up between a Watteau pastoral and a Titian Venus? Cannot the official art body arrange for the future to illustrate either the life and works of one great painter, or of a great group or school? To venture on suggestions—noble exhibitions might be given of Velasquez and Zurbaran, with the later Murillo added if necessary; or of the great eighteenth-century Scotchmen. The idea, in embryo, already exists at Burlington House. We have repeatedly had one man's works made the backbone of an exhibition. Often, as in the case of Rossetti and Alfred Stevens, it has been in this way the Academy has done penance—not unprofitably, as the register at their shilling turnstile has shown—for its neglect of artists while they were living. To carry it farther, to furnish forth each exhibition with an ably written, descriptive, critical, and biographical catalogue, would be to render what is already a great boon of priceless worth.

This year a "collection of water-colour drawings illustrating the progress of the art of water-colour in England," vouchsafes most tardy recognition to the one branch of art in which Englishmen hold to-day, and always have held, an unchallenged pre-eminence; and which still remains without its representative, as such, amongst either the Academicians or Associates. These drawings occupy two small rooms, beginning with those of Paul Sandby—one of the original Forty—who was born in Nottingham in 1725, and concluding with those of Fred Walker, A.R.A., who died in 1875. In the face of facts, it is somewhat amusing to notice how the Royal Academy has marked off its period with men whom it has duly recognised. This exhibition affords but the sketchiest outline of the history of water-colours; and is chiefly valuable as suggesting, either to the Academy itself, to the old Water-Colour Society, or the Royal Institute, the "duty," absolutely incumbent upon one of them, of providing us with a satisfactory exposition of the development of this art.

Though in late Tudor and Stuart days we were dependent on the Netherlands and Germany for our great portrait painters, as the lives of Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller testify, English miniaturists were favoured all over Europe, and they painted in tempera or opaque water colours. Subsequently it became a practice to make outlines in Indian ink,

and tint them over with transparent washes of water-colour. From these "starved" or tinted drawings sprang our modern art. We should like at the Academy to have seen examples of Cuett and Bonamy, but are content to begin with Sandby, a celebrated aquatintist. Sandby lived some years at Windsor and produced seventy drawings of that neighbourhood, now in the Queen's possession, from which the eight shown are selected. He was something more than a wash-man. He first drew an elaborate outline, then applied his wash, and lastly stippled in such minute details as the bricks of walls and the leaves of trees. It is inconceivable to those who do not know his work, what beautiful effects he produced: note, for instance, the reposeful dignity, the untroubled transparency, of his "Windsor Castle from the Norman Gate," and the plumy elegance of the foliage of the trees—which shade a flock of ostriches, left apparently to roam at large—of "The Lodge, Windsor Great Park, 1768." William Pars, A.R.A., comes next. He was born in 1742, sent to Italy to study by the Dilettanti Society, and attempted, not without a certain measure of graceful success, to reproduce Italian oil-painted landscapes. In all these early painters the distance is remarkable; and the detail with which Pars finishes little far-off groups of figures is astounding. We have examples of Michael Angelo Rooker, A.R.A., Edward Dayes—to whose "Excursions in Yorkshire and Derbyshire" we owe so much of our knowledge of his artistic contemporaries Francis Nicholson and Thomas Hearne; but they are all Dutch or Italian in feeling. Their far-reaching landscapes, painted in a vacuum, give no indication of the distinctively English atmospheric marvels, obtainable by no process but water-colour, achieved in purely English scenes, by such passionately English artists as Cox, De Wint, and Fielding. From these delicately faint tintists to Mr. Albert Goodwin and the vivid intensity of his "dramatic skies" of to-day is a far cry.

In the centre of a full dozen of J. R. Cozens' works we come upon the startlingly modern silvery-grey sketch of Sir William Hamilton's Neapolitan villa. Cozens, perhaps, caught an idea from his father's—that eccentric Russian-born genius, Alexander Cozens—craze for impressionistically developing accidental blots. J. C. Barrow's "Pool of London during the Great Frost of 1789" is most pertinent to the hour in which we live. Henry Edridge's Cathedrals, their bases bathed in roseate light, their summits veiled in blue, are interesting because they must have greatly influenced Prout—Prout, who is so meagrely represented here, whilst there is not a single example of Nash. George Augustus Atkinson, who did so much work for Catherine of Russia, and the great Scotch teacher, the Queen's master, W. L. Leitch, are also passed over.

With Thomas Girtin (1773—1802), the brilliant, early-dying young artist, we come into touch with the modern school. He was the first to use cartridge paper, thus avoiding the "spotty, glittering glare" of hard white surfaces. He is well represented. So is old John Varley (1778—1842), the "Father of the Modern School." Greatly we should like to have seen an example of John Smith, "Warwick" Smith, so-called because the Earl of Warwick sent him to Italy; the man to whom George Barret—in his rare and charming letters on the "Theory and Practice of Water-Colours," which might so well be re-issued—tells we owe so much, as he was the first to wash the whole surface of his paper "from the horizon downwards." Of Joshua Cristall, chief founder of the Water-Colour Exhibitions in the Tresham Rooms, Bond Street, in 1805, and first president of the old Water-Colour Society, when re-organised in 1821, there is no example; nor of his successor in the chair, Copley Fielding. George Cattermole, peerless arranger of groups, who would have made an unapproachable stage-manager, is also totally unrepresented.

The second room opens with a fine collection of John Sell Cotmans. A splendid set of David Coxes cluster round his magnificent "Vale of Clwya," a water-colour landscape which has yet to be surpassed. Turner, who began water-colours with the infant art of "stained drawings"—as the National Gallery demonstrates, and carried them to the subtlest perfection and maturity, conquering colour, atmosphere, and weather—is admirably represented. So is gloriously strong Peter de Wint. The groups of William Hunts—though the Academy Committee of Selection allowed that particular gem in the Orrock collection, which Mr. Ruskin professes is the loveliest bit of colour he ever saw, to escape them—and the little water-colour Claudes, the George Barret transcripts of the land of golden afternoon and celestial distances—though his "Waggon: Evening 1838," is intense in vivid colour—are perhaps the great feature of the exhibition. Bonington (1801-1828), the early-snatched-away, who saw Venice "like a ship about to go to sea," is just represented.

Of the gorgeous Pre-Raphaelitisms of Frederick Lewis, R.A., hung around, his hard, but luminous, "Hareem" interior; of the splendid wall-ful of Fred. Walkers, the artist who discovered a natural statuesque grace in our peasants, who might almost have done for English what Millet did for French rustic life—and without the latter's note of sadness—and whose use of fugitively tinted body-colour will so militate against the perpetuity of his fame, we say nothing. They attract the greatest crowds, but they belong to the art of to-day.

THE DRAMA.

"HEY, nonny, nonny." They have once more revived *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Lyceum, and so sent us all back once more to the enchanting and enchanted Messina of Shakespeare, that strange far-off Messina of the Italian Renaissance which is a table-land above the Delectable Mountains and yet is among the Happy Isles, which marches on the one side with Bohemia-by-the-Sea and on the other with the Kingdom of the Coqcigrues. Here full-blooded, nimble-witted, sixteenth-century gallants, full of the New Learning as of the Old Adam, as ready with their *concetti* as with their poniards, play hide-and-seek behind visor or in cedar-sheltered pleasaunces with stately Titian damsels whose tirewomen have anticipated Lothair's "ropes of pearls," while English watchmen slouch sleepily through the throng, and as unconcernedly as though Messina were in the heart of their own Warwickshire. "Hey, nonny, nonny." What is the peculiar charm of this piece? How shall one analyse it? The first and, I think, predominant impression is an impression of intense vitality, of *la joie de vivre*, or (to be in the latest fashion) of the Schopenhauerian Will to Live. They are all so very much alive, these swaggering gentlemen and gorgeous ladies, all, as Leonato says, in the "May of youth and bloom of lustihood." Ay, even the greybeards (Act v. sc. 2). So much alive that they go a-courting at the very foot of the high altar (Act iv.), amid organ-peals and fumes of frankincense. So much alive that even when they have, or think they have, done innocent brides to death, they are yet ready with heartless quip and crank for bereaved fathers (Claudio, Act v., sc. 2). And the women, mark you, no less than the men. "No glory lives behind the back of maiden pride" for them (Act iii., sc. 1). Beatrice, as Margaret thinks (Act v., sc. 2), "hath legs." So have they all, and are not ashamed of it. They are no Queens of Spain. That is one's first impression, an impression of life. The second is that this life is the peculiar life of the Renaissance. They are all great readers. Even the women have probably studied Plato with Roger Ascham. Beatrice, at any rate, has read the "Hundred Merry Tales" (Act i., sc. 3). The men are chock-full of the classic lore of the new time, a time—

"Sentant encore le lait dont elle fut nourrie."

Benedick talks glibly of Leander and Troilus (Act v., sc. 2), and writes verse—bad verse, as a scholar-soldier should—"a *halting* sonnet of his own poor brain" (Act v., sc. 4). Claudio is a bard. Part of his penance, if you please, for killing a poor lady is to "hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, and sing it to her bones" (Act v., sc. 2). But life and letters do not sum up the Renaissance; they must be completed by a touch of the lurid—Benvenuto Cellini must cut Pompeo's throat, as well as carve in silver—and so we get our third impression. This is an impression of sombre melodrama, Italian treachery, the intrusion of Mephistopheles into the *Kermesse* which the dramatist has provided for us in the intrigue of Don John and Borachio. Mr. Irving's restoration of this element of the story, an element almost ignored in previous stage-practice, is an example of the sound judgment he never fails to show in such matters. In France (where the play was adapted three years ago by M. Louis Legendre for the Odéon) they have carried this restoration a step farther by representing on the stage the scene between Borachio and Margaret at the window, which Shakespeare has been content merely to narrate—an instance, most Englishmen will think, of zeal in excess. Can I grind out a fourth impression? Yes; in the strange manner of Claudio's wooing—behind a mask and in the person of his prince—I like to fancy a premonition of the theatre of Hugo and Musset. And when Claudio consents to wed a veiled lady whom he has never seen, he is the direct ancestor of Don César de Bazan. Thus are the Elizabethan and the Romantic epoch brought together. One might go on to a fifthly or a fifteenthly—all merging at last into one composite picture of the multifarious, seething, fermenting life, the polychromatic phantasmagoria of the Renaissance. Like some quaint book of the time, with a quainter title, some "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," or like some vast crowded canvas of the time—that great marriage-piece, say, of Veronese in the Salon Carré of the Louvre—*Much Ado about Nothing* is an Inn of Strange Meetings.

My excuse for dwelling upon this aspect of the piece rather than upon the "merry war" of Beatrice and Benedick is, that the latter topic is by this time more than a little stale. There is nothing new to be said about it, unless one adopts M. Jules Lemaître's shocking heresy, and calls the pair of combatants "insupportable—savages trying to be witty—extremely subtle brutes." Any Englishman who ventured on that would ever afterwards require a police-escort, so I forbear. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, at any rate, are not insupportable; they are both of them admirable in this play, now as they have always been. Mr. Howe's Antonio and Mr. Tyars' Borachio are valuable survivals from the olde ast. Mr. Terriss is the new Claudio, Mr. Macklin the Don Pedro, Miss Annie Irish the Hero, and Mr. Mackintosh the Dogberry. Mr. J. Robertson returns to the Lyceum to sing, and to set us all singing, "Hey, nonny, nonny."

Another revival, which is proving very welcome to a slightly different set of playgoers, is that of *The Silver King* at the New Olympic. This melodrama is now universally recognised as one of the classics of its kind. Its point of departure is well-invented; its action is rapid; and its characters, if familiar—the falsely accused hero, the persecuted heroine, the faithful servant, and the gentleman-burglar—are all amusing. If it has a fault, that fault is the usual one of melodrama, surplusage of dialogue. The ideal melodrama (from the critic's point of view, not the public's) would be performed entirely in pantomime, or by marionettes, or by silhouettes cast on a screen. No one who has seen that ancient Hebraic melodrama, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, as recently played in Paris in dumb-show, can doubt this. Diderot, one of the few philosophers who have been acute theatrical critics, rightly insisted on the importance of pantomime in drama, and had his own way of enjoying it. This was to go to the most distant seats in the house, and to follow the performance with his fingers thrust into his ears. His neighbours were naturally astonished. "They could not refrain from asking questions" ("Letter on the Deaf and Dumb," i. 359), "to which I answered coldly, 'that everybody had his own way of listening, and that my way was to stop my ears, so as to understand better.'" Playgoers in search of a new sensation might profitably try Diderot's experiment at the Olympic.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

"MR." DE BLOWITZ, as he is called in *Harper's*, refreshes us with another illustration of his abounding modesty. He tells the story of his entrance into journalism. "Fantastic tales" of this sphere-shaking event have been told, but "MR." DE BLOWITZ is able to give us the facts "on the best authority." Incidentally, he describes "the somewhat elaborate genealogy" by which his wife traced her pedigree to the Bourbons; but that is not the kind of distinction by which he claims to be known. He read newspapers "to pass away the time," and this education enabled him to contemplate "with terror the complete and fatal ignorance prevalent in France" on the eve of the war with Germany. Indeed, "MR." DE BLOWITZ has passed his life in contemplating with terror the ignorance of others, and with supreme satisfaction his own omniscience.

ACCORDING to "the best authority" this great creature was the guardian angel of France during the war and the Commune. He comforted THIERS in the darkest hour of adversity. He talked to that statesman in Provençal "localisms," and the eyes of THIERS "sparkled under his glasses." All through the siege of Paris "MR." DE BLOWITZ was the mainstay of the Parisians. Such was the esteem in which he was held by the authorities that they were about to send him as consul to Riga or Rustchuk, or some place equally remote, when LAURENCE OLIPHANT proposed that he should act as assistant Paris correspondent to the *Times*. This is a mere outline of the wondrous tale, the climax of which is "MR." DE BLOWITZ'S description of the religious opinions with which he rebuked OLIPHANT'S theory of a new doctrine. "I prefer the word of CHRIST," said DE BLOWITZ, thus giving the New Testament a sanction which it had previously lacked.

"CHEZ POUSSET" is out of place in the *Fortnightly*, and would be out of place in a much less pretentious magazine. "Oh," exclaims the writer, MR. DELILLE, "how much there is, how much in life—if one only comes to think of it—how much that is singularly, strangely, infinitely pathetic!" Like BYRON, MR. DELILLE is not strong in reflection; but his ability to shoot the crow at which he does not aim rivals that of the Pickwickian sportsman. He likens the fragmentary talk at POUSSET'S in the small hours of the morning to "quartz broken up very small," indicating that "this is high praise." Then he gives a page of illustrations—quartz, all of it, without a grain of gold.

"ON m'a dit qu'il était 'Wilde' . . . J'ai répondu: 'Il en a l'air; mais pourquoi alors qu'on le laisse se promener dans les rues?'" The French may have *esprit;* but, if this is a good specimen, *esprit* has little relation to wit. However, MR. WILDE likes it, he says, because it reminds him of the pleasant old nurse who used to assure the promenaders in Merion Square that her charge was "WILDE by name, and wild by nature."

ONE of the sayings MR. DELILLE overheard is on a somewhat higher level than this old wives' gossipry. "BALZAC—un grand poète né sans voix . . . Une lyre énorme sans cordes" is an amorphous approach to wit. But where did the speaker get it? It looks like an attempt to dissolve in *esprit* the wit of MR. SWINBURNE'S old remark—"BALZAC is SHAKESPEARE without the lyrical faculty."

DR. JOHN BRADSHAW has noticed a point in GRAY'S "Bard" overlooked by all the annotators, and in the three chief recent editions of GRAY. By the omission of inverted commas, the editions of MITFORD, GOSSE, ROLFE, and the Clarendon Press deviate from GRAY'S, obscuring what he had left clear, viz., that the incantation in the poem is sung in chorus by the Bard and the spirits of his lost companions, and that, when the incantation is ended, the Bard takes up the song alone. The edition of 1768, which contains GRAY'S latest and most deliberate corrections, is DR. BRADSHAW'S authority.

THE reader remembers BROWNING'S "Youth and Art." In it the sculptor and the singer do not marry; she weds a rich old lord, and he is dubbed knight, each life remaining unfulfilled. MR. MORLEY ROBERTS, in *Macmillan*, tells the story of a sculptor and a singer who did marry, who sighed deep, laughed free, starved, feasted, despaired—were happy; and the story is true, and as notable as that of CELLINI with his PERSEUS, or that of MRS. CARLYLE and her bread-baking at Craigenputtock.

BORDON, the Chelsea bronze-caster, is a Swiss by birth, and started life as a blacksmith. He left the forge for the shop of a decorative sculptor, and began to suspect that his material was clay. Soon he found his way to Paris, and after struggles and privations married a musician. Thinking that England might be emptier of artists than France, he crossed the Channel, and laboured along with his brother-in-law at "image-making." How, in order to avoid the expense of sending to Naples, he applied himself to discover the old *cire perdue* process of casting, used then only by the Florentines and the Neapolitans, and how, after years of courageous battle with fire and snow, his own impecuniosity and the stupidity of others, he at length succeeded to admiration, makes as fine a piece of contemporary biography as we have read for a long time.

A WHOLESOME essay by MR. HAVEL on the "Sublime," with the works of LONGINUS and BURKE for texts, reminds us that the saying, "The style is the man," although it has passed through the truism stage into that of the joke—the fate of many a good saying—is as true as it ever was for those who try to think the thoughts of all time rather than the thoughts which belong more particularly to their own time. Grandeur and majesty of diction are the natural expression of those who live greatly and think greatly. "Live nobly," said LONGINUS; "scorn little things, and there is no fear that your thoughts will be mean, or your words unworthy of them." How could a modern reviewer apply this?

THE question confronts us with one of the great difficulties in the way of a just criticism of the works of living writers, and that is, the necessity of maintaining silence regarding the writers themselves. General references to a writer's age, education, etc., are of course permissible, but anything intimate is held to be in bad taste. By many, also, such reference would be considered altogether beside the mark in literary or artistic criticism, as if a product were independent of the producer! Even in the case of machinery this is an impossible standpoint. There are those, doubtless, who ask of a sausage only that it taste well, but the more refined wish to be certain that the machine was clean, and that Nature, and not unaided apparatus, had to do with making what was minced into pork. And yet it is just some of these refined people, the very last to treat an artist as a machine, who insist on judging the work apart from the worker.

WE would not propose to put in a plea for licence to deal with the conduct as well as with the works of living writers: we only wish to point out the limitations of the homely, slighted critic's trade. There is an idea abroad—often combated before, but none the worse of a sword-thrust now and again—that reviewing, at the best, is a low kind of work. If those who grow impatient with talk about style and mannerism would remember, not that the law of libel is quite strong and healthy, but that the public want some guidance as to the books they should read—guidance which unless it be given in an imperfect way cannot be given at all—they would appreciate better the followers of the hampered, thankless, misunderstood occupation of reviewing.

PROFESSOR SIDGWICK has undertaken, along with other experimental psychologists, a statistical inquiry into the nature and frequency of apparitions, voices heard when no one has spoken, and touches felt when no one is near. A sufficient number of cases has not yet been collected to enable PROFESSOR SIDGWICK to decide whether apparitions coinciding in a remarkable way with events occurring at a distance from, and unknown to, the percipient, have any real connection with these events.

ONE incident sent to PROFESSOR SIDGWICK from Germany is very striking. A lady was walking home along a familiar road one night in 1885. It was full moon, and as she approached a cross with which popular tradition associated various uncanny rumours, she saw, as she supposed, a tramp sitting on a stone opposite to it. As she drew nearer she perceived that it was a female figure, and, as it was bitterly cold, she went up to the woman to awake her. "With bewilderment," the lady writes, "I recognised the dress I was myself wearing on the creature on whose shoulder I was about to place my hand. At that moment it raised its head, looked fixedly at me with my own countenance, and vanished."

IT might be taken as a sign of the times that prophecy concerns itself so much with events, the chief agents in which are clad, as regards their nether habiliments, in pig-skin. Although the school of prophets whose range of prediction is confined to giving the "straight tip" is perhaps the most prominent, there comes to the front just now another school of prophets more limited in number, but wider in their range, the almanack-makers. It is amusing to glance through their predictions, which are, as a rule, general and vague. "Trade will be uncertain and erratic, and reckless speculation will be on the increase," refers to the present month; and in August "a mysterious rumour, which will gain strength and credence by repetition, will fill a certain section of our members of Parliament with uneasiness and insecurity."

SOME of the predictions are more definite, however. We are told that in a day or two a fanatic will arise and attempt to preach a new religion; and that some time in January a curious disease in cattle will be discovered. In March, "the suicide of a lion in the literary and artistic world will cause much sensation;" and in December, "a good, gentle, and brave man will do his very best for his brothers